SPECULATIVE FICTIONS

0

2013

SPECULATIVE FICTIONS

ISSUE

ZERO

2013

TEXT | IMAGE | PAGE

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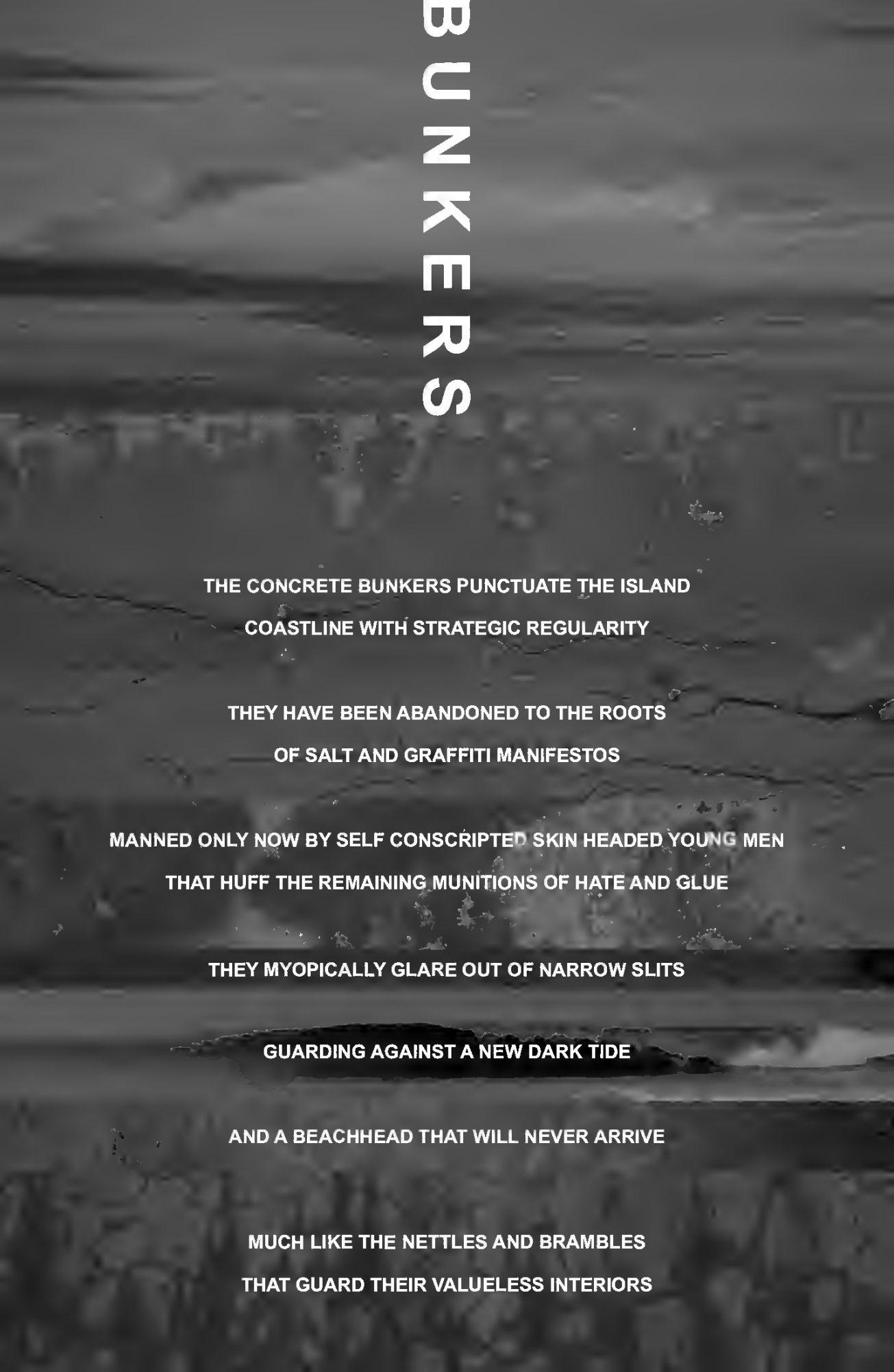
THE WHITE ASSASSIN EXCISES THE LINE- - - - - - - - - - - -

~~When Mr. Bilbo Baggins of Bag End announced that he would shortly be celebrating his eleventy-first birthday with a party of special magnificence, there was much talk and excitement in Hobbiton~~


BUNKERS
THE CONCRETE BUNKERS PUNCTUATE THE ISLAND
COASTLINE WITH STRATEGIC REGULARITY
THEY HAVE BEEN ABANDONED TO THE ROOTS
OF SALT AND GRAFFITI MANIFESTOS
MANNED ONLY NOW BY SELF CONSCRIPTED SKIN HEADED YOUNG MEN
THAT HUFF THE REMAINING MUNITIONS OF HATE AND GLUE
THEY MYOPICALLY GLARE OUT OF NARROW SLITS
GUARDING AGAINST A NEW DARK TIDE
AND A BEACHHEAD THAT WILL NEVER ARRIVE
MUCH LIKE THE NETTLES AND BRAMBLES
THAT GUARD THEIR VALUELESS INTERIORS

HELICOPTER HELICOPTER

YOUR ROTATING WINGS CUT THE SKY

HELICOPTER HELICOPTER

SLICED BLUE MOMENTS OF

HELICOPTER HELICOPTER

INTO FLICKERING

GOODBYE FATHER
I close my eyes and depart on silver rockets
While floating exactly where I am

GOODBYE MOTHER
You could never see the escape pod growing
Our bedrooms are secret places

I AM THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON

IT IS COLD
I AM ALONE
AND THE AIR IS RUNNING OUT

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

I AM THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON

IT IS BARREN
IT IS DARK
I AM THE ONLY LIVING THING

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

I AM THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON

IT IS INERT
I AM EMPTY
AND THE STARS ARE BLINKING OUT

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN

imagine erotic

erected word

THE DISPERSED MEN
2014
THE CYBORGS OF TERRA | WERE BEINGS OF WIRES
THEIR DISPERSED BODIES| EXTENDING
ELECTRONICALLY OVER ENTIRE CONTINENTS

S O L

THE SUN IS IN THE CORN
EVERYTHING IS GOLDEN

THE SUN IS ON THE WATER
EVERYTHING WASHES MOLTEN

IT IS THE LONGEST DAY EVER
CASTS RIPENED MELANOMA

IT IS THE HOTTEST DAY EVER
COATS BECOMING LEATHER

SING A SONG OF SOL
SING A SONG OF SOL

NEVERMIND
IT'S NEARLY SUN DROWN

NOW COLD YOUR EYES
IT'S NEARLY SUN DROWN

NEVERMIND
IT'S NEARLY SUN DROWN

U N I T S

In the silent vacuum what remained of the air had fallen to the frozen earth like snow | Mute communication between the units could only occur through their screens which flashed messages of block patterns / an insufficient language that their lenses could read >

--

Most of the units in this final bunker had now climbed the deep concrete shaft to the surface | Above stood in a field of statues under frigid starlight were the units which had made this terminal journey before them | There they allowed their nutrient gas tanks to deplete and their biological cores cease | Waiting statically for forever to arrive / frost blind lenses turned towards the rimed horizon of the dead world >

--

Below only one functioning unit remained in the darkness its cold carapace positioned before an ancient mirror flashing a message repeatedly to its self >

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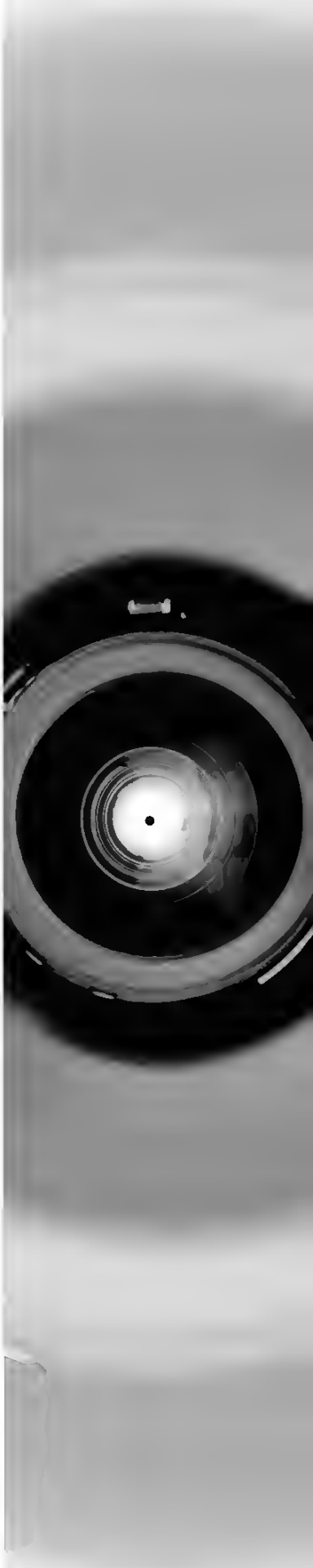


WE ARE STARS

REMOTE WITH THE VASTNESS BETWEEN

WE ARE DISTANT ATTRACTORS

DIM PULSES OVER AN UNBREACHABLE GULF

EMITTING NOT LIGHT
BUT WORD AND THOUGHT

RIPPLES OF MOMENTS PAST FAR AWAY

WASHING SHALLOW ILLUMINATION
ONTO NEARBY EVENTS

DIFFUSED THEN
INTO THE DARKNESS BETWEEN

ONLY A SINGULAR FLICKER IN A FURTHER EXPANSE

WORD [ATTEMPTS TO TRAVERSE THE] V O I D

B L A C K H O L E

THE END OF EVERY SENTENCE FALLS INTO A SUCKING HOLE THAT IS A BLACK PIT OF TERMINAL CLOSURE.

THE END OF EVERY SENTENCE FALLS INTO A SUCKING HOLE THAT IS A BLACK PIT•

THE END OF EVERY SENTENCE FALLS INTO A SUCKING HOLE•

THE END OF EVERY SENTENCE●

THE END ●

D E E P D O W N

BELOW

THE BLACK PUDDLES OF MY MIND

IGNITION RAIN

Umbrellas collapse
In a terminal downpour

Europe ignites
In continental fire

Cities are ovens
Gaping with hunger

Monuments vanish
As history depletes

Proud statues sink
Into copper ponds

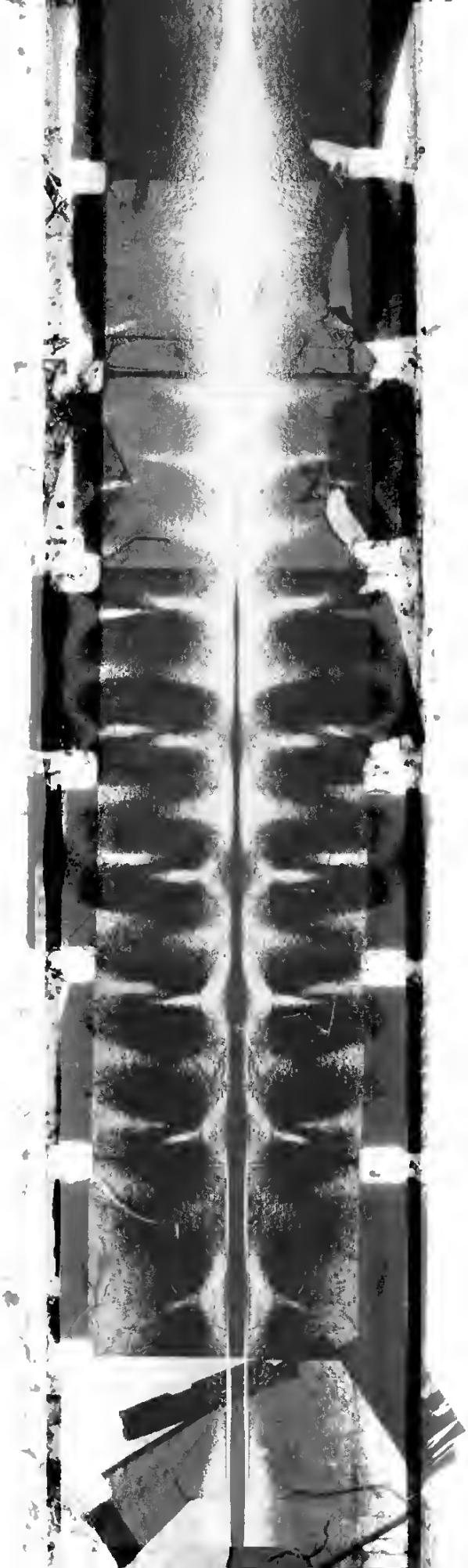
Alps become chasms
Plunging into wounds

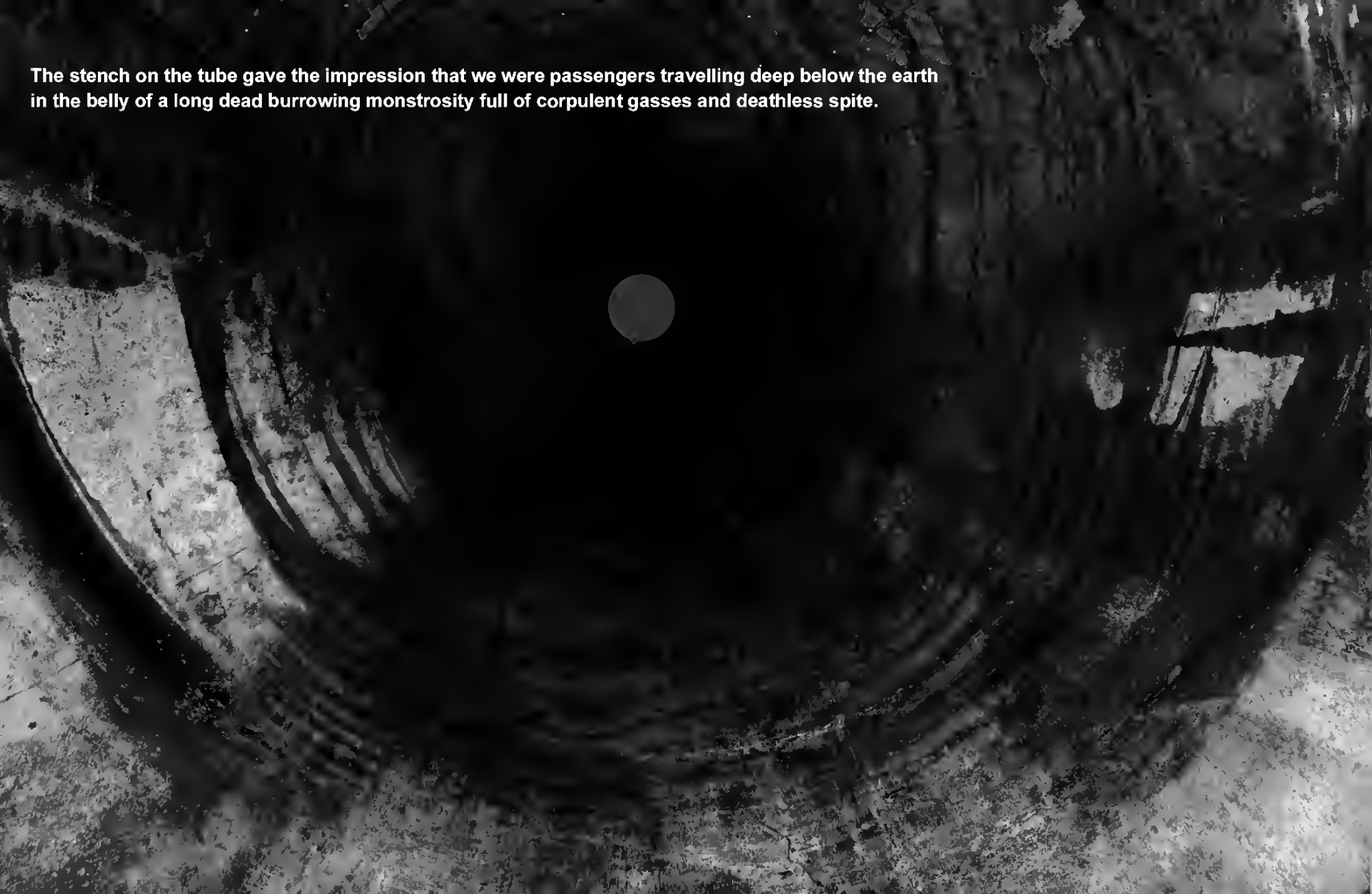
Meadows peel away
Exposing infertile rock

Forests are matchsticks
In fields of tinder

Boiling rivers
Deliver heat to the sea

Awaiting a new cartographer
Maps now fictional




The stench on the tube gave the impression that we were passengers travelling deep below the earth
in the belly of a long dead burrowing monstrosity full of corpulent gasses and deathless spite.

UP UP AND AWAY

FIRMAMENT BRIGHT

ACCELERATION BIRDS CLIMB

AN EMPIRE OF CLOUDS

AERIAL DIVINATIONS

ELEVATED FUTURE

WIND PASSAGES

VAULT STRATUM

DEEP DEEP DEEPER AND DOWN

ROOT DARKNESS

PLUMB TROGLODYTE BENEATH

NETHER WORM TRACTS

GNOME BLIND

BURIED HISTORY

BONE SOIL

VAULT STRATUM

he skies that day were leached of colour stretching overhead in a flat ominous grey

A flower desert of wilting plastic

Sharp carpets of glass splinters

Green vein wires under the soil

Worm tracks of copper taint

Ruptured batteries leak corrosive lakes

Yellow streams flow slowly

Cans collapse into rust rings

Poisoned ground a chemical garden

Ossified rubber hills

Slag beaches littered with tide lines

Ocean scabs of floating plastics

A nest of noose snares

Polluted by the dirty rain

Weightless flocks of shopping bags

Are lifted on the wind

EVERYTHING
HAS
FAILED

ABANDON
HUMANITY
NOW

G L I T T E R B U Z Z

Her **GLITTERBUZZ** bloomed from the emitter in a twinkling haze as she opened her apartment door and made her entrance. He dialled up some **LADYDELIGHTS** which the unseen servitor delivered to his float tray As instructed he placed the confectionary against his lips like a kiss and let the sweetness trickle into his mouth. She was driven across the city the street spots turning attentively to follow her passage

At night industrial estates are possibly the loneliest places on the planet

THE UNIVERSE SAYS NO

I walk the streets of the city
eyed from shallow openings by the inhabitants
who look upon me with a million eyes that emit a
cold and cruel curiosity, I am permitted to be here
but I am not one of them

H O L E

the bewigged specter presides

o v e r h e a d

an empty movie screen

there is really nothing there other

than their own projections

a blank herald of the future now

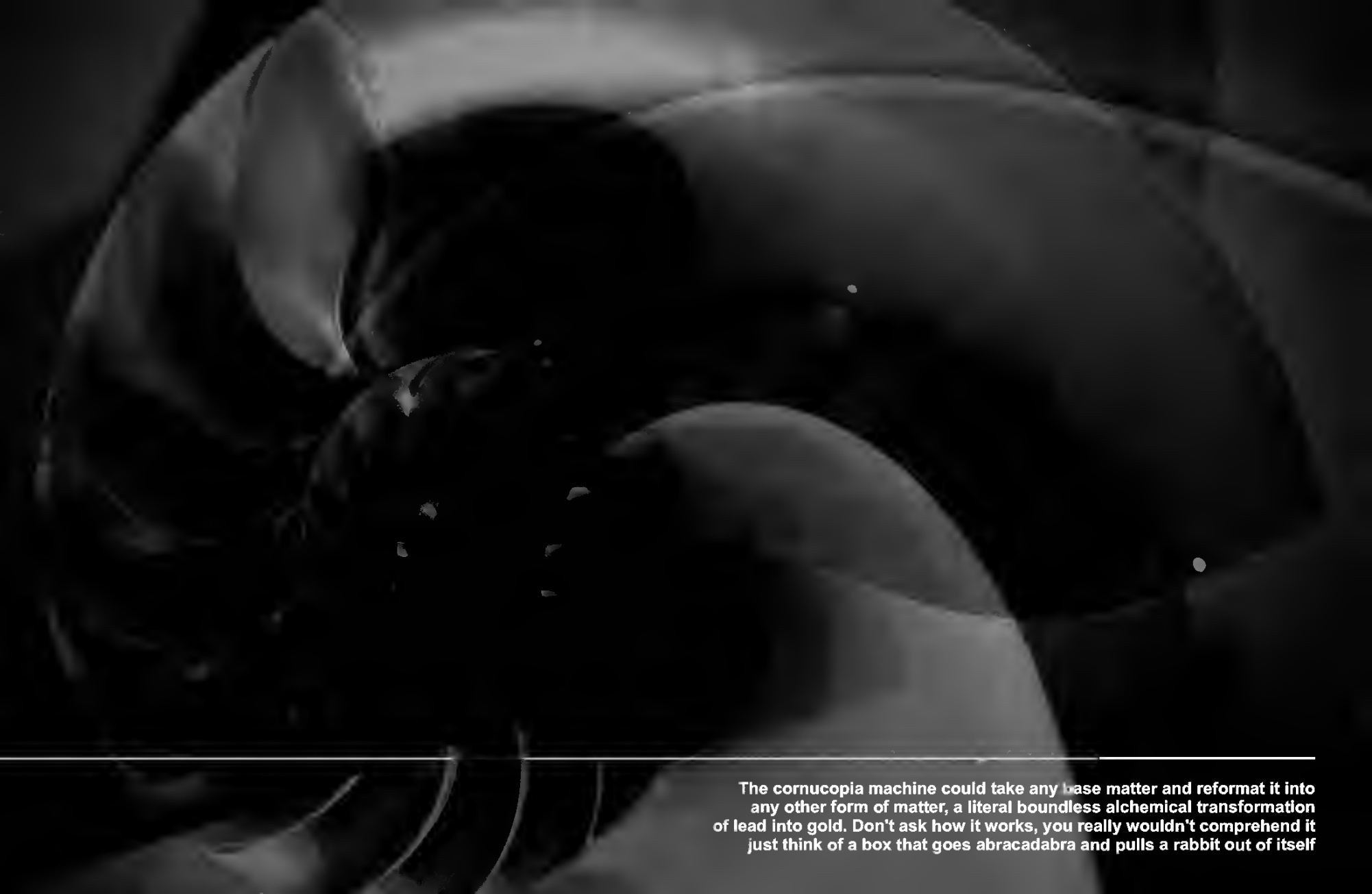
a s i l v e r m i r r o r

absorbed and indifferent

glamoured by a sprinkling of

glitter, tinsel and stardust

the void consumes them



The cornucopia machine could take any base matter and reformat it into any other form of matter, a literal boundless alchemical transformation of lead into gold. Don't ask how it works, you really wouldn't comprehend it just think of a box that goes abracadabra and pulls a rabbit out of itself

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE

(it is disappointing)

R O C K E T
R I D E R S

Title:	**ROCKET RIDERS**
Director:	unknown
Cast:	**ROGER BUCK** (Buzz Aldrin)
	APOLLO STRONG (Neil Armstrong)
Year:	197- (the films production dates from the early seventies)

This 16mm silent XXX porno loop depicts an explicit encounter between two male astronauts isolated together in a cramped 'space capsule'. Bruce Milligan speculates that this potential fantasy scenario must have been obvious to gay men of that period (it wasn't until 1983 that astronaut Sally Ride 'penetrated' this exclusively male domain). Unfortunately only a frustratingly incomplete fragment actually remains which bears considerable print damage through being repeatedly run through a projector.

The film begins with a still photograph (slightly out of focus) of the moon which the camera zooms into (there are several obvious jumps indicating loss due to print damage or the excision of opening credits)

Cut to a shot of a small white room. Against the rear wall the same photograph seen in the opening shot has been adhered to the wall presumably to depict an exterior portal or window. Below this is a white table on which are a row of identical period modern clocks which primitively suggests a 'control panel'.

In the tightly framed foreground of the shot is a bed which is covered in silver fabric upon which APOLLO STRONG reclines (he does bear a remarkable resemblance to Neil Armstrong).

There is a brief insert CU shot of a lit red bulb fitted inserted through a 'glory hole' in a horizontal white board (wall). Under the bulb is a rectangular strip of paper on which 'OVERHEATING' is hand written in neat capitals.

STRONG wipes his moist brow in a camp melodramatic gesture. He pauses and briefly glances to camera, presumably for direction, then unzips and removes his silver jumpsuit which appears (implying zero gravity) to clumsily levitate and is lifted out of the shot. This unconvincing effect was presumably achieved with wires.

From the left of the screen ROGER BUCK (again looking remarkably like Buzz Aldrin) enters the shot naked and clearly erect. STRONG then reaches out for BUCK's erect penis and the extant fragment abruptly concludes.

YOU

ARE

ENCOURAGED

TO

THINK

FOR

YOUR

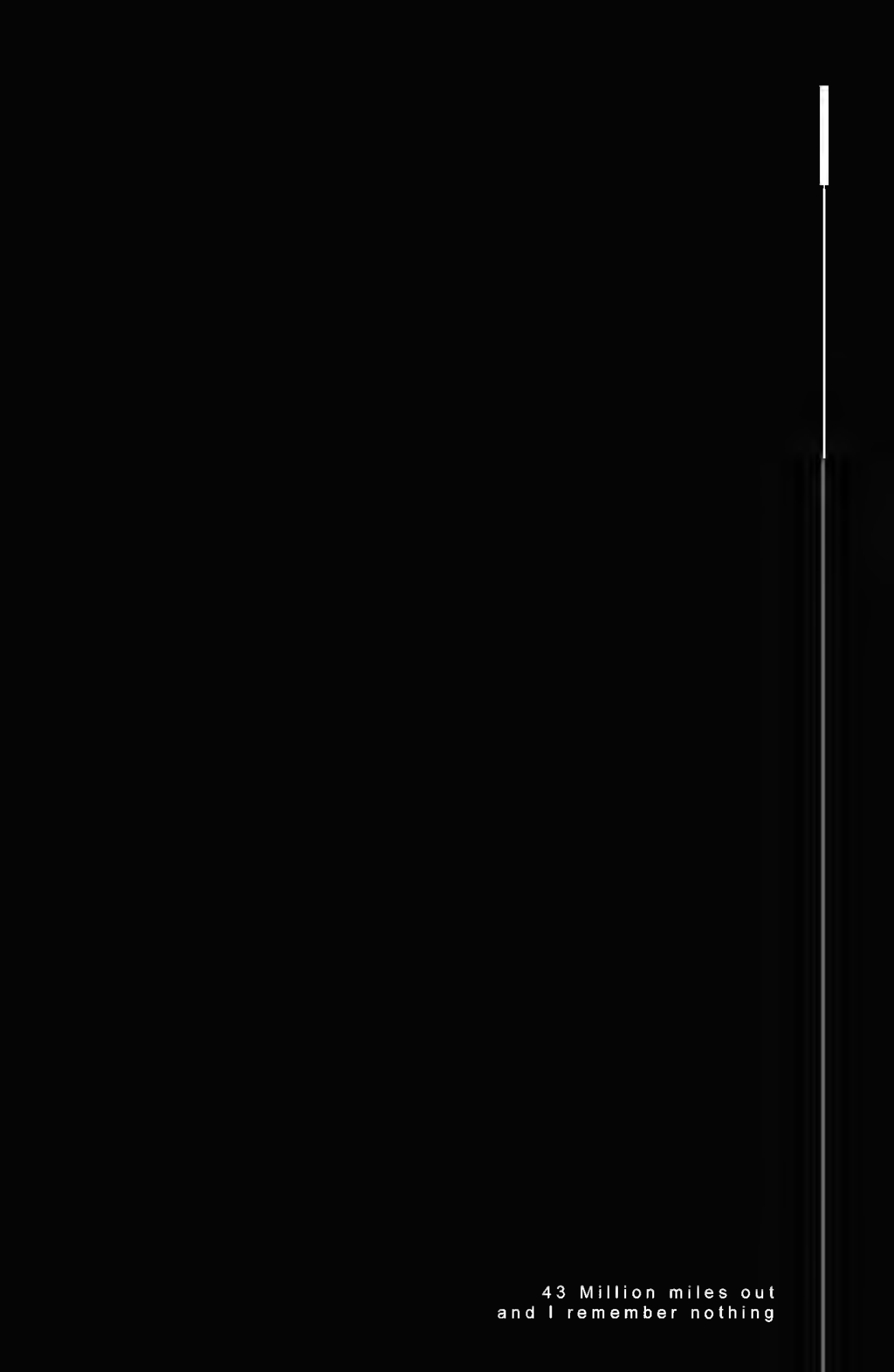
SELF

FUTURE TRAJECTORIES

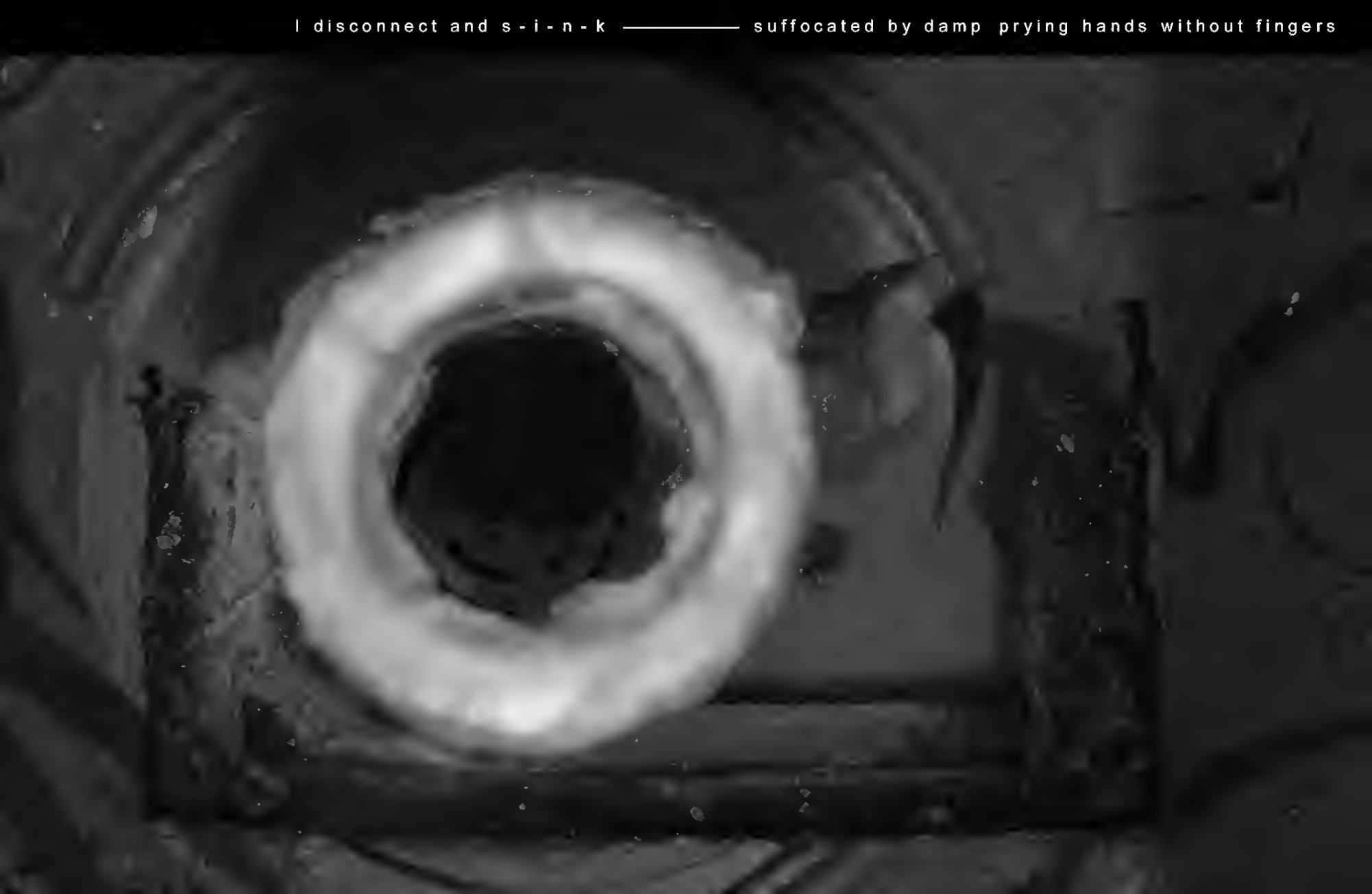
H E R E

T O

S T A Y


43 Million miles out
and I remember nothing

an infinite line with no limit extending indefinitely into forever


I disconnect and s - i - n - k ———— suffocated by damp prying hands without fingers

I must be in the photograph

a face has been **TAGGED** and **BOXED** as **ME**

I do not remember being **THERE**

Maybe the photograph has been wishfully revised

The **BALLOON** on the **MAP** disagrees

There **I** am with **HER**

within an intimate frame

I NEVER WAS

EVERYTHING

SIGNIFYING

NOTHING

Ctrl/Alt/Delete
There Has Been
The Death Of
Physical
Space
Please Reroute

GENITALS
BLOOM
INTO
PORN OF FLOWERS

I T I S N O T

T H A T W E

I N D U L G E I N

G O L D E N

N O S T A L G I A

I T I S T H A T W E

O B S E R V E

T H E N E W S

A N D S E E O U R

F U T U R E S

P L O T T E D

A N D T H E Y A R E

G R I M

HARVEST FOR THE FUTURE

ONE SEED
ONE CROP
ONE YEAR
ONE MOUTH
ONE MEAL

WORSLEY
M A I N S

The unlit
concrete
stairwells of the
tower block
smell of piss
and violence
At the
uppermost floor
I play with dirty
feral children
that scuttle
about the
blocks
walkways
we toss a large
plastic toy from
the balcony
which falls
downwards to
explode beside
an elderly lady
in the barren
concrete
quadrangle
below

ADVERTISEMENT

PURCHASE
IS MANDATORY

c o m a

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PLOT

ANOMALY

ZONE

BERLIN

1942

HAS

RELOCATED

NOW

ZONE

JERUSALEM

2014

we
are
holidaying
in
the
entropics
stretched
out
under
a black
sun
everything
is
still

T h e f e n s l o n g s u b m e r g e d

Below the ferry the drowned suburbs of Cambridge

Doggerland marks its new borders with tide lines

DRONES

Drones flock unseen overhead

dividing the sky in a global grid

In a house with no windows

the device watches me in the corner

mapping positions and postures

when my curfew period ends

I leave the unsealed house

navigating a landscape of craters

I travel to the bunker to begin my shift

overseeing the drone feeds from

s e c t o r 5

EVERY OPPORTUNITY IS A DISAPPOINTMENT IN DISGUISE

the bottle
is filled
with a
dark
hallucinogenic
fluid
in which
nanogeist
forms
coil
nightmarish
visions
are brought on
by its
consumption

T U W S Y F F

I M I H O R U

N B L E U O T

F E L L M U

O L T R

I L N E T E

L A O R H

S T E

I remember

believing

that in the future

we would live in

white

modules

and life would be

fantastic

YOUR

WINDOW

IS A

LIAR

do you think that
we should let it live
this life it is living
do you think that
we should let it live
and do you think that
this reasoning is kind
this is that which
should not be alive

2000

A TRIUMPH OF T HE WILL

EXPECTATION LEADS TO EXPERIENCE

A BAND OF LIGHT CIRCUMNAVIGATES THE GLOBE

IMPLYING AN ABSOLUTE

WE HAVE ILLUMINATED THE BELLIES OF CLOUDS

AND STOLEN THUNDER

WE SHAPE THE SKIES WITH OUR DESIGNS

AND SUBDIVIDE TIME

UNDER OBLIVIOUS STARS

e n t r o p y

l a h e s o e

a r e m s s l

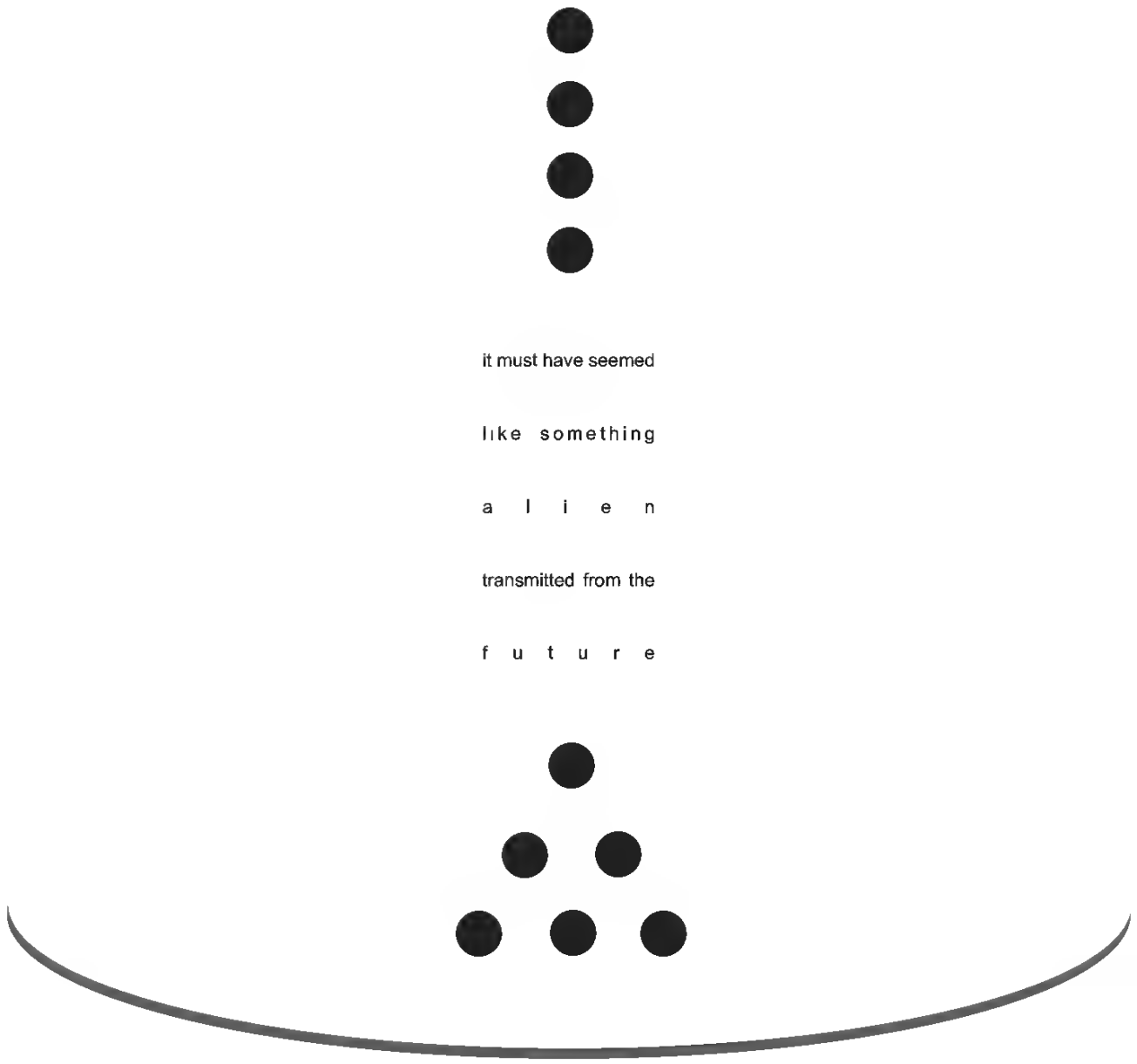
p r r a e t l

s o m i o u o

e w a n u r w

d s l s s e s

NO
WILD
RIDE
INTO
THE
FUTURE
FOREVER
OUR
FUTURE
IS TO
BECOME
ROTTING
MUD



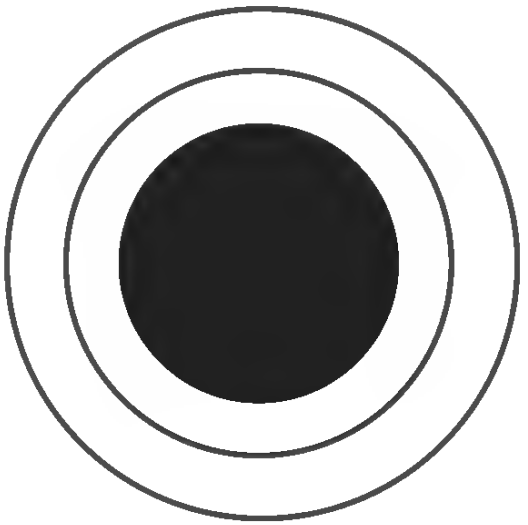
it must have seemed

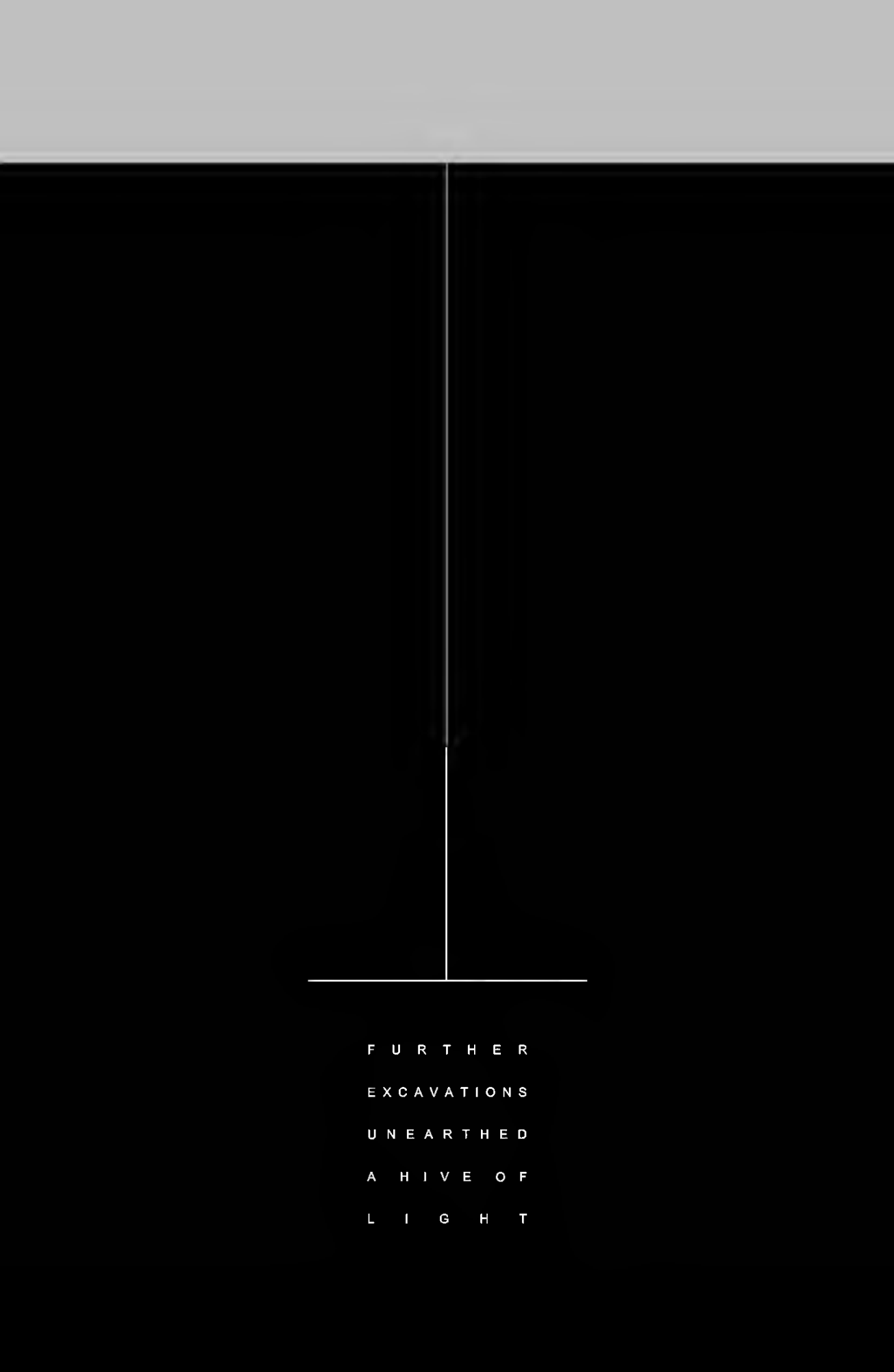
like something

a l i e n

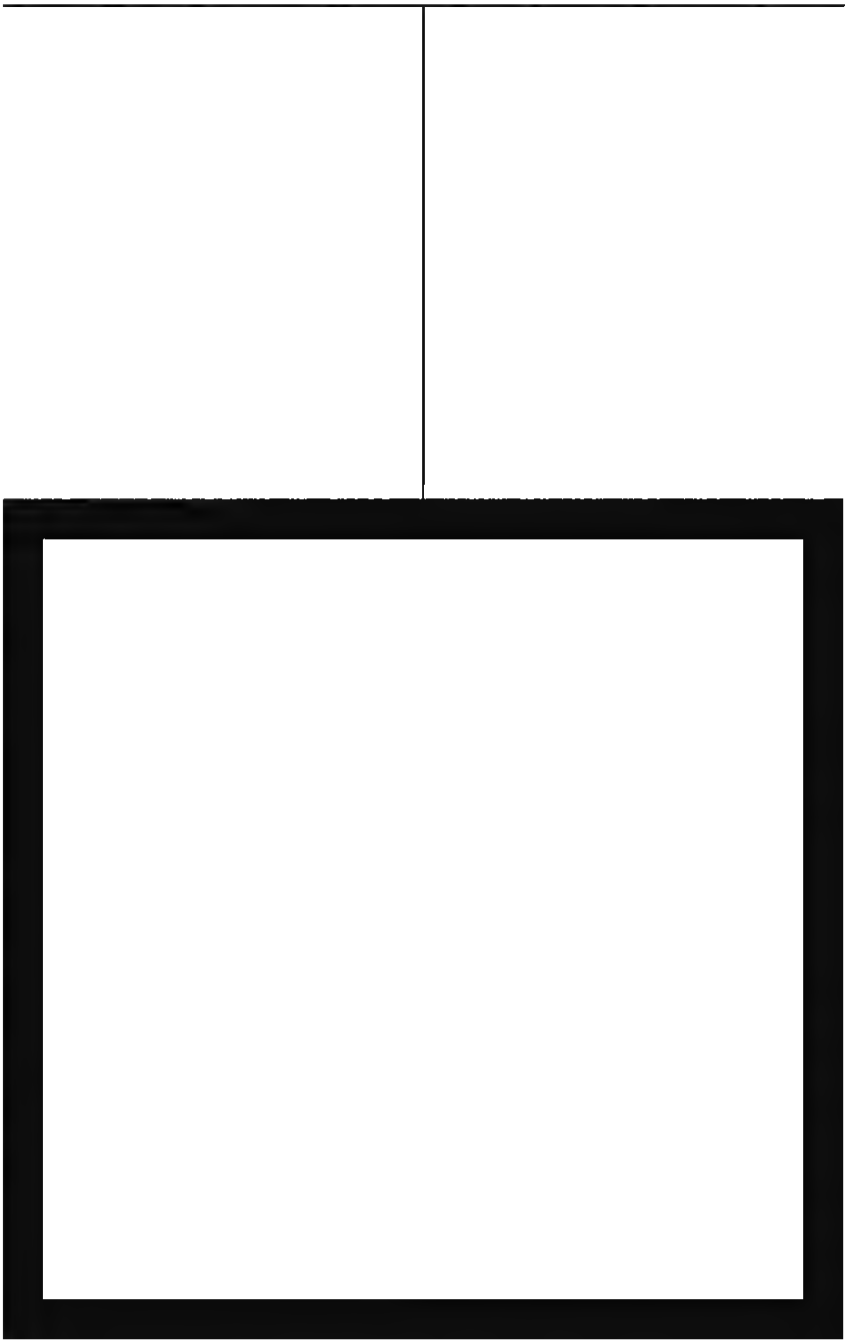
transmitted from the

f u t u r e




FURTHER
EXCAVATIONS
UNEARTHED
A HIVE OF
LIGHT

some very strange things can occur inside boxes



significant
numbers
o f
americans
w o r r y
a b o u t
b e i n g
abducted
b y
a l i e n s
m e
- I -
w o r r y
a b o u t
t h e m
bringing
m e
b a c k

h a u n t e d

by ghost time

a blank picture for

post human eyes

e v e r y t h i n g

is striped bare

cold and remote

what remains is

o n l y

a terrifying

incomprehensible

t r u t h

A GENTLE EXTINCTION

life bearing planets are so rare

in an act of cold conservation they sterilized

every human

the final generations were allowed to pass away quietly

it was thought a kindness

WE PEER OUT OF OUR

WINDOWS

AND FIND OURSELVES

DISAPPOINTED IN

THE WORLD

SO WE DROP OUR

LITTLE BOMBS

WHICH PUFF WITH

INEFFECTUAL

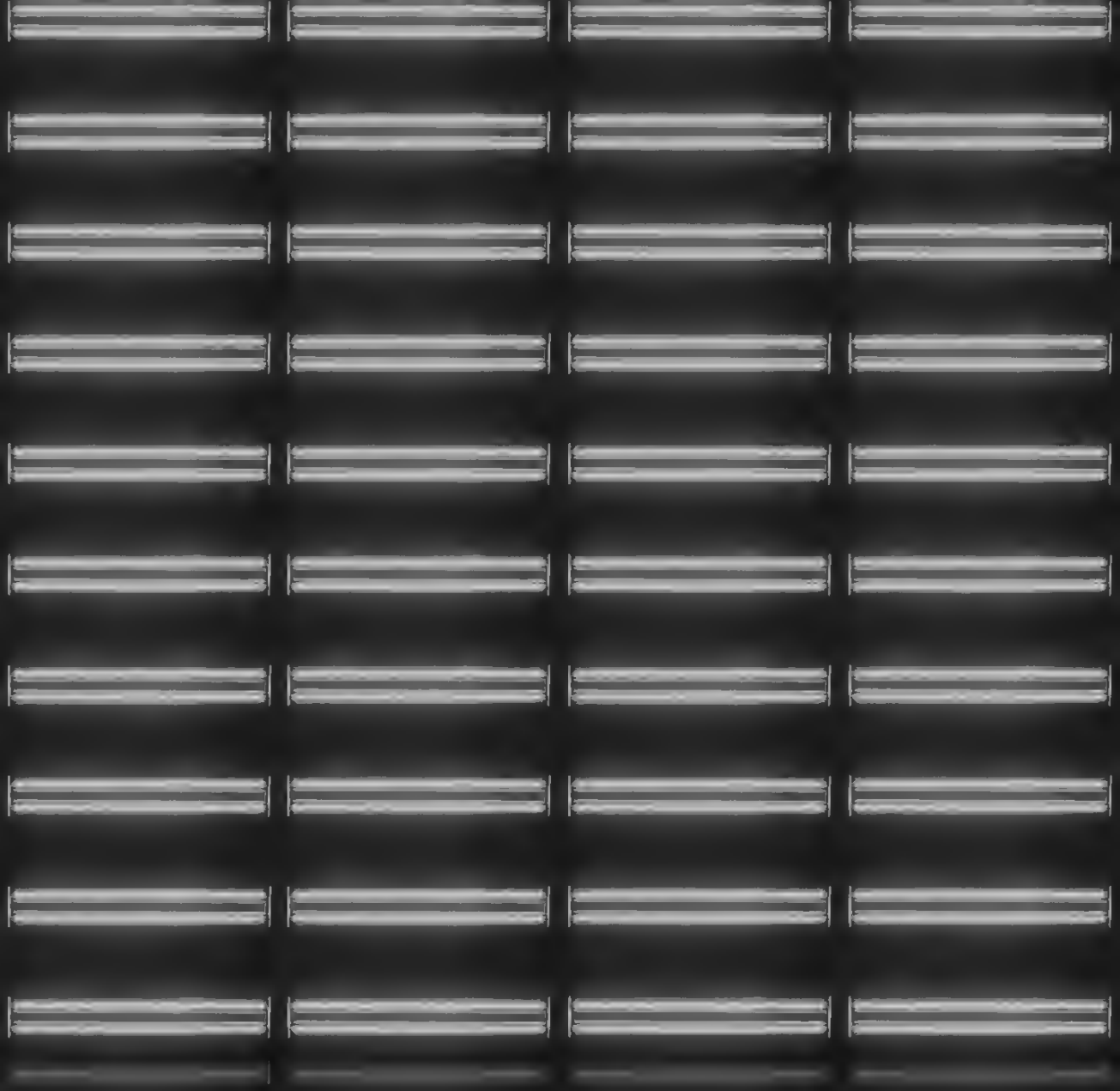
SMOKE

WHAT

ELSE

CAN WE

DO - - - ?



D R E A M C O N S U M E R

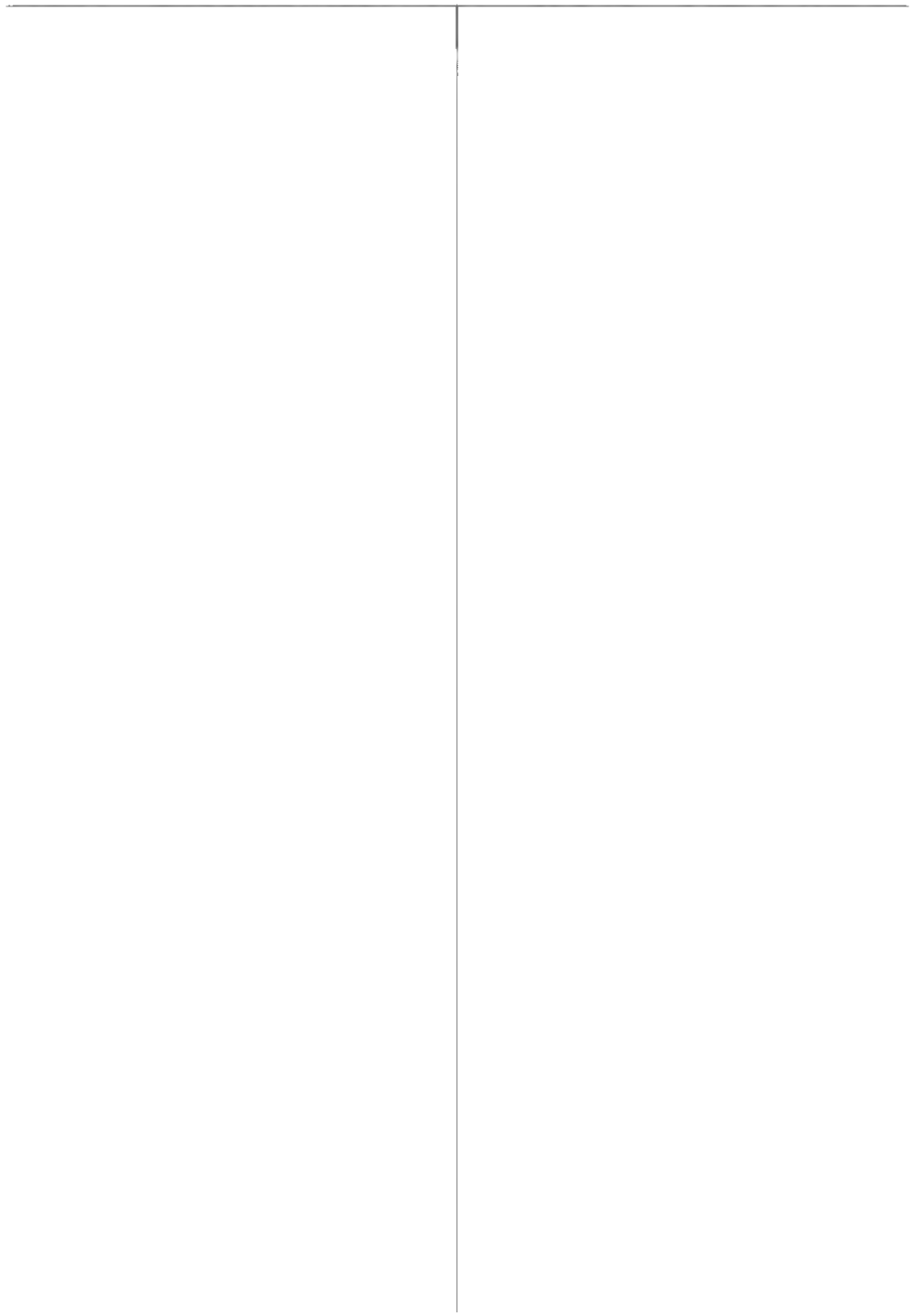
While I sleep I frequently dream of finding myself in a shop
which is stocked with product that does not exist

In these dreams I browse the shevled product

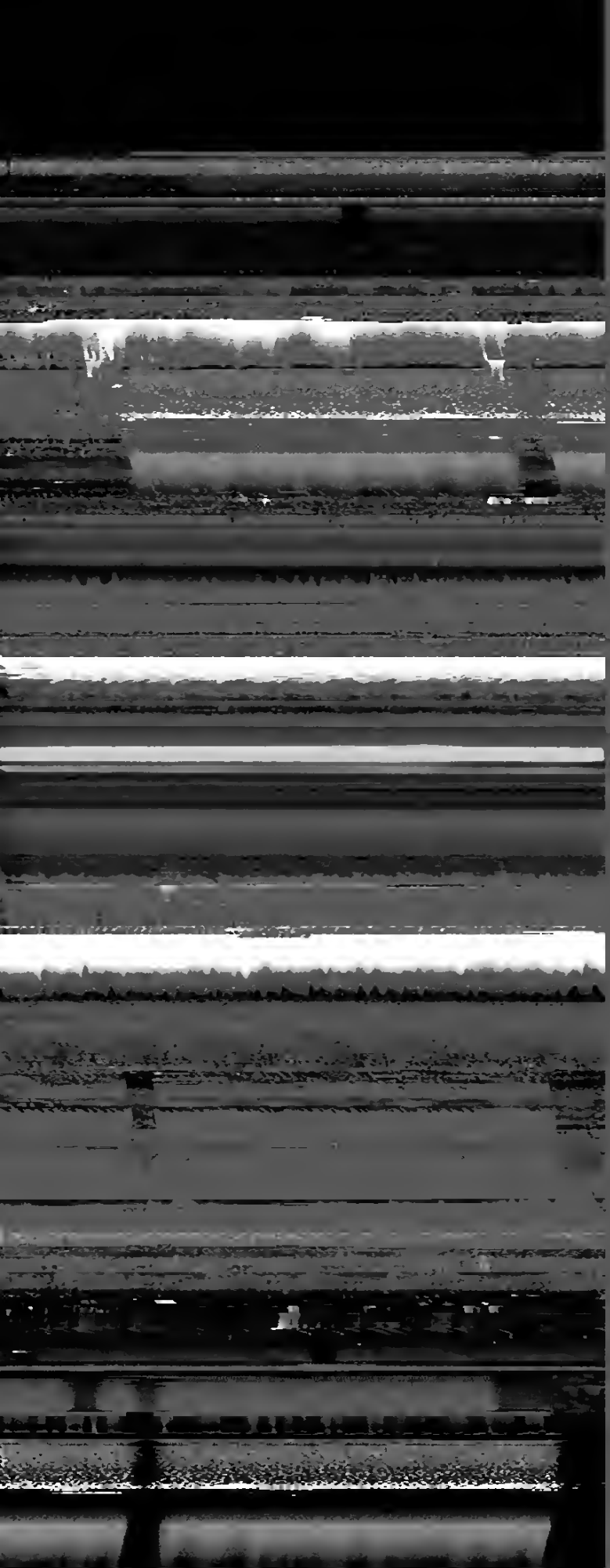
As I browse these dream products
I am creating hundreds of plausible
but entirely imaginary items each convincingly
rendered in meticulous detail for my dreaming eye

Inevitably I cannot afford to buy all the dream products which interest me

h i s r e s p o n s e s a r e e v a s i v e



refusing to construct any plausible or theoretical reason
we should accept this transformation as having occurred



transmitted

somehow

to the nearby

recording device

often dropping

out of focus

due to a fault

in lens

alignment

close-ups

of the mouth

are muffled and

unintelligible

IT IS RAINING ON
THE INSIDE

FLAWS TWINKLE AT ME
EVERYWHERE

PHOTO-BOOTH SLICES OF
TRANSLUCENT
DIAPHANOUS
FABRIC WAVES
PASSING THROUGH SPACE

AWKWARD RIDGES
TO BE SURMOUNTED
AND PITS
TO BE FILLED

there is a feeling that we must begin to build the **future** to meet the inevitable **future** we are f a l l i n g into

the texts extrapolate theory into terminal fantasies

IN THE FUTURE
EVERYTHING
WILL BE
BETTER
TOMORROW